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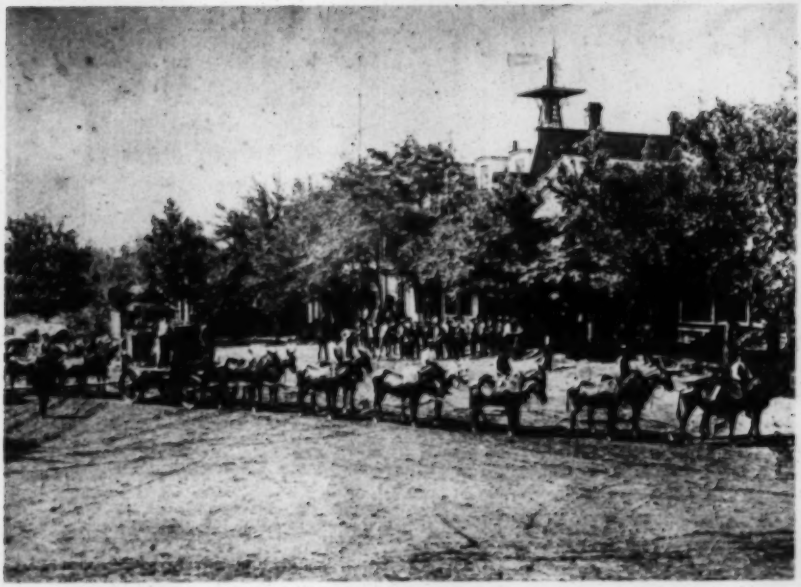

Dahlonega, Georgia

National Trust for Historic Preservation

Lumpkin County courthouse which stands in the center of the Dahlonega town square

Cover: Dahlonega town square, c. 1900. Gold mining equipment is being transported to the Consolidated Mine in Dahlonega from the railroad station in Gainesville. Twelve mules were used to pull the wagon, and four to push.

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NATIONAL TRUST FOR HISTORIC PRESERVATION

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Preservation Features

With the emphasis on the new frontier in our national life, the National Trust for Historic Preservation continues to emphasize the new frontier in the old frontier—intelligent reclamation, restoration, and re-use of sites, buildings, and objects from our past.

In 1959, the latest year for which statistics are available, American workers took 77.7 million weeks of vacations, compared to only 54.3 million weeks in 1949. All the signs point to further increases in leisure time and all types of recreational spending.

Realizing that there are more and more tourists, and that there is "more gold in them thar tourists" today than there is left in many of "them thar hills," concerned and alert groups and individuals are rediscovering the ghost towns of the mining frontier for the nation's enjoyment. We feature some of the towns in some of the states—California, Oregon, Wyoming, Colorado, Georgia, and Arizona—in a series of articles by Terry Brust Morton.

Beware of the "Trojan Horse" in our midst—the advertising agency which presents the historic property with a billboard already custom designed for the super-highway approaches outside the town. Although advertising through a well-designed billboard may be a great temptation, with the need for more tourists to help meet the expensive twentieth-century upkeep of historic properties, do not be lured into destroying a part of our natural heritage in an effort to preserve a phase of our cultural heritage. As Thurber says, it is like cutting down the trees to make the lumber to build the institutions to put the people in who went crazy because there were no trees. Additional enlightenment on the subject is presented in the "Billboard Symposium."

There is much activity in the legislative field—all of it pointing to a growing awareness of the fact that people are realizing "there oughta be a law." This legislation is reported in part in our newsletter. Our members are invited to write their congressmen on behalf of legislation, looking to curbs on urban renewal, lest it become "urban removal" as far as historic sites and buildings are concerned; and also to exert some curbs in the same area on the "Colossus of Roads," the federal-aid highway program.

And for other activities in the preservation field, news is checkered with good and bad. Christ Church, Lancaster County, Va. (1732), on June 11 celebrated its first homecoming after the return of its title to the Diocese, since the disestablishment of the church in Virginia during the Revolution. It is now scheduled for complete restoration under the direction of the Foundation for Historic Christ Church. At the dedication they received a certificate from the Department of Interior, designating it as a national historic landmark. Charles E. Peterson, F.A.I.A., is leading a movement to record the significant buildings in the 80-block urban renewal area of Newark, N. J. *Boscobel* at Garrison-on-Hudson has had a formal dedication, and visitors are now being received at the Shaker Community in Pittsfield, Mass. Advance bookings for the traveling exhibit and for exhibition space at the annual meeting and preservation conference indicate that these innovations have been well received and supported by our membership.

Helen Duprey Bullock

"An Arizona desert rat and burros"

The Mining Frontier

As a symbol of adventure and hope, the Argonauts, rather than the Astronauts, were the American heroes of the last half of the nineteenth century. In *The Mining Frontier* (Theme XV, Western Expansion and the Extension of the National Boundaries to the Pacific, 1830-98, of the National Survey of Historic Sites and Buildings) the National Park Service states:

. . . Although some emigrants and explorers had crossed the vast territory between the Missouri and the Pacific shores before 1849, it was the miner who discovered and revealed to the nation the resources and possibilities of this vast region. The process begun in California was repeated time and again—in Nevada and Arizona, in Colorado and Idaho, in Montana, Wyoming, and South Dakota. Gold was the magnet which attracted the first settlers, advertised the wealth of the territory, and provided it with a permanent population. "The last frontier of the last West was the miners' frontier."

The furious vitality, the cascading energy of the American people in the last half of the nineteenth century, are nowhere more vividly illustrated than in the history of the mining era. The California rush turned the eyes of restless Americans westward to behold the glittering vision of a new and greater El Dorado. Instantly, a roaring, turbulent tide of humanity was on the move. Argonauts "from the ends of the earth converged on California and engaged in an orgy of gold gathering that ranks as the greatest of all mining rushes." Some came by ship, most came overland in prairie schooners, farm wagons or "wing" wagons, or with packs on their backs, "the toiling farmer, whose mortgage loomed above the growing family, the briefless lawyer, the starving students, the quack, the idler, the harlot, the gambler, the henpecked husband, the disgraced; with many earnest, enterprising honest men and women." Yankees and Buckeyes, Jayhawkers and Hoosiers, in little more than a year they transformed California from wilderness to statehood.

. . . Again and again the process was to be repeated as rich lodes one after the other, in almost every state of the West, stirred the nation with sensational reports of fortune piled upon fortune. As the miners pushed into the widely scattered gold districts, like quicksilver they broke into individual globules and were off in all directions seeking gold, to use the figure of Bancroft. Prospectors swarmed along the inland empire rivers of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, into the deserts of Arizona and Nevada, the mountains of Colorado and Montana, and finally, questing ever eastward, to the domed Black Hills of Dakota.

The gold rush town burst into life overnight on the crest of the placer boom, lived furiously for a few months, perhaps a few years—another of a countless series of candidates for the "richest shortest-lived camp in America." Some are remembered principally for their names, Second Garrote, Lousy Level, Humbug Creek. A few were more permanent, Denver, Boise, and Carson City. All were truly American in the juxtaposition of wealth and

(*continued on page* 51)

PLACE OF YELLOW MONEY

Dahlonega, Ga., was the center of the first gold rush in the United States —20 years before the Forty-Niners went to California. "Dahlonega" is the white man's form of the Cherokee Indian phrase "Talonega"—"Place of Yellow Money." Tradition says that discovery was made one day when a pioneer named Benjamin Parks accidentally kicked over a rock and uncovered a vein of solid gold. The last big find was near the same spot in 1938. Valued at $10,000-$300,000, it was made when the entrance to the old Calhoun Mine was being enlarged to build a tramway for hauling out gold ore. The pocket of yellow metal was 18 inches beneath the path miners had been tramping for more than a century. Altogether more than $40 million in gold has been taken from the Dahlonega hills.

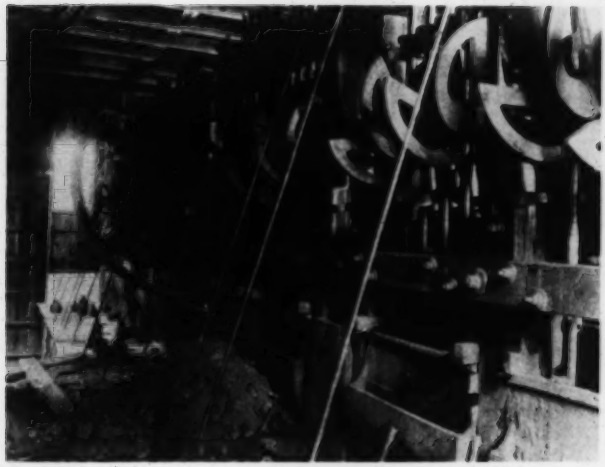
The area was in the Cherokee Indian Nation territory, but with the discovery of gold in 1828 the state finally took action to move the Indians out. Lumpkin County was one of 10 created from the territory on December 3, 1832, and the land given to the white people by the lottery system. Dahlonega was founded in April 1833 and made the county seat. Because of the gold mining going on in the Southern Appalachians, the United States government in 1837 erected a Branch Gold Mint in Dahlonega, which closed at the outbreak of the Civil War. The administration building of North Georgia College stands on the site of the old Dahlonega Mint, where more than $6 million in gold, some of it brought from Colorado and California, was minted into coins between 1838 and 1861.

Not a "ghost town" but a thriving mountain city of more than 2,000 population, Dahlonegans have discovered a new kind of gold mine. Each year the town holds Gold Rush Day and is happy to give gold away to the tourists who come to do their own panning. The cost of mining an ounce in North Georgia today is usually more than the legal selling price, and digging the tourists is more profitable.

Gold Rush Day begins with a man on horseback riding into the square and announcing the discovery of gold. A skit in front of the courthouse tells the story of what happened in that wild Indian country after the find. To restore the town's frontier appearance, cafes and drugstores are changed into old-time taverns, complete with characters like Gold Nugget Lil. Greased pole climbing, pig chasing, and square dancing are held. A modern counterpart of Dr. N. F. Stephenson, who was assayer of the U. S. Mint in Dahlonega, makes the famous Stephenson speech thought to be the original use of the lines, "there's gold in them thar hills" and "there's millions in it." He stands on the courthouse balcony where the assayer stood when he pleaded with local miners not to join the Forty-Niners in the rush to California.

After these festivities on the Square, visitors may bundle into covered wagons to ride down and pan for gold in the town's gold-mine museum; go to Auraria, the first boom town in the Georgia gold fields, where a guide takes visitors panning all day for a dollar; or pan free on property owned by the Dahlonega American Legion. One of the enthusiastic citizens informs us there is a rich gold vein on the land, "but only those who know what they are doing will have any luck!"

The museum building is the original Crown Mountain Mine machine shop, a barn-like structure which may be a century old. The museum, started by private citizens, was taken over by the Dahlonega-Lumpkin County Chamber



Forty-stamp mill at Calhoun Mine, Dahlonega

of Commerce and is operated on a non-profit basis. The building has a dirt floor and there is a stream running through it. Visitors are encouraged to haul dirt inside and throw rocks on the ground as they pan for gold, just like oldtime prospectors, and may keep all the yellow metal they get. In the museum visitors can see countless devices man has invented for extracting gold from the earth. Objects on display range from real gold—coins, ore, dust, nuggets, and a "button"—to a stamp mill. This machine crushes gold-bearing rocks so that the gold can be extracted. Heavy iron "stamps" or pestles rise and fall, crushing the rocks with 350-pound blows.

If the ore crushed at this mill contained gold, it was processed in a big mill, which pounded the rock with deafening 700 to 1,100-pound blows that could be heard seven miles away. Visitors may see the ruins of a big mill in the woods not far from the museum.

After the ore was crushed by the stamps, water washed it across a silver-covered copper plate, coated with mercury which caught the gold, like a magnet attracting iron. The gold amalgamated with the mercury on the plate, and when thick enough it was taken off with a hard rubber scraper. Gold and mercury were separated by putting the amalgam in a crucible and distilling the mercury into a bucket of water. A "button" of gold was left in the bottom of the crucible.

One of the most interesting displays in the museum is a collection of old letters, written home to Georgia by Lumpkin County men who followed the gold rush to Colorado and California. One disgruntled miner, in a letter from California dated August 21, 1852, wrote, "Tell brother Thomas to stay close to Becky for it takes a man that has the wright kind of grit in his craw to come here for he can see the monkey at Havannah and the Elephant at Shagres and the Devil at Panama and

hell at sanfrancisco. There is many roads leading to the mines from Sacramento. You tell Thomas he can come any of them but go which way he will before he gets halfway he will wish he had went the other."

One prospecting vacationer in Dahlonega, after discovering "gold" on Crown Mountain, found it was nothing but gilded rocks carefully scattered around by her husband. She then made him buy her a Lumpkin County gold mine and as a gold digger panned enough for a pair of earrings.

One tourist from New Hampshire stopped at the Chamber of Commerce and asked Mrs. J. D. Anthony, "Can you tell me where I am and how I can get out?" "When you find out where you are, you won't want to get out," replied the enthusiastic town representative.

Today Georgia's capitol is crowned with gold from the Dahlonega hills. In 1958 the state capitol dome was undergoing repairs and reconstruction, part of a $1½ million remodeling of the state house. When a native Dahlonegan suggested gilding the dome, the governor was afraid of criticism and shied away from the expenditure for a gold roof. It then became a citizens' project and Lumpkin Countians offered to campaign to get enough gold to gild both the large and small domes. A new gold rush was on; people from all over Georgia came to pan the streams; they climbed hillsides to ferret out old mining tailings where a nugget or so might have been overlooked, and they prospected every nook of the county in search of hidden gold deposits. Natives and descendants of natives gave up their treasured hoard to the cause, and those who had no gold gave money for its purchase. Persons who gave as much as half an ounce received a gold certificate, and everyone who contributed got his name on a plaque at the capitol. Forty-three men, women, and children took the forty-three ounces of gold by wagon train from Lumpkin County to Atlanta, a 70-mile wagon trek from the mountains of North Georgia. The Dahlonega gold was then beaten into gold leaf and applied to the metal on the roof by an experienced gilder.

At least three other state capitols are known to be topped with gold—Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Colorado. It is said that the Denver capitol dome, covered with Colorado gold, is still "bright as a dollar" after 40 years.

HOW TO PAN FOR GOLD

Panning is a process of testing earth, sand, small gravel for gold content; not a method of obtaining gold on a large scale.

1. Fill the pan three-fourths full of panning dirt; place under water in trough or stream.

2. Stir dirt, suspend mud, let gravel settle, pour out mud. Repeat until gravel is free of mud.

3. Dip up water, shake pan three or four times back and forth.

4. Shake pan, tilt as pan is shaken, let ore slide to edge of pan, pushing off gravel with thumb. Repeat until gravel is removed and only black sand is left.

5. Add about ten cups of water to black sand, shake, tilt pan raking off black sand until black sand is reduced to one-half teaspoonful.

6. Add about one-fourth cup water, let black sand swirl along bottom of pan; any "color" of gold found will be seen at the end of the sand trail.

—Dahlonega, Ga., Chamber of Commerce

SOME KIND OF METTLE IN CALIFORNIA

"This day some kind of mettle was found in the tail race that looks like goald," wrote Henry Bigler in his diary entry of January 24, 1848, the actual gold discovery date in Coloma. The find had been made by John Marshall, a carpenter supervising construction of a sawmill for his employer John Sutter, feudal land baron of the Sacramento Valley. Marshall's gold was part of the Mother Lode, a mile wide and more than 150 miles long at the western foothills of the Sierra Nevada. The stampede of the Forty-Niners to the Mother Lode was on; within a month 60 ships at Atlantic ports were filled with Argonauts and 12,000 wagons set out with 40,000 men via the Oregon Trail. By the end of the year, eight or ten thousand men were working the Sierra diggings—one taking out $40,000 in seven weeks, but the majority collecting an ounce a day, or the equivalent of $20.

With the thought that there is still gold in these hills also, especially Mokelumne Hill, John Carden Campbell, AIA, and a group of friends founded Leger, Ltd., in 1959 for the purpose of creating and operating a year-round resort through the restoration and expansion of "Mok Hill." Leger, Ltd., owns three 100-year-old buildings virtually untouched in the town of 500 inhabitants. The organization will provide week-end visitors and vacationers with resort accommodations close to golfing, skiing, fishing and hunting grounds, in an area of great natural beauty, with temperate year-round weather.

Mr. Campbell purchased a house in Mokelumne Hill a few years ago, at the same time acquiring the dilapidated Odd Fellows Hall, known as the first three-story building in the gold country, "in case it might be destroyed."

Calico Silver Mining Town, *c.* 1885, near Barstow, Calif.

Until the old Hotel Leger was put on the market a year later he had no plans for Mokelumne Hill other than as a week-end retreat. Now the restored Hotel Leger, never closed since its opening in 1851, has 13 air-conditioned rooms and suites, decorated and refurnished in the grand Victorian manner. Projected by Leger, Ltd., is a Golden Horseshoe Inn, a theatre, museum, concert hall, dance hall, soda fountain, and antique shop.

Thirty-eight miles south of Mokelumne Hill is Columbia, a state park with an estimated 500,000 visitors for the year 1961. Columbia owes its origin to the rich placer deposits in this area which by 1853 had made it the "Gem of the Southern Mines" and the third largest city of California with a population of more than 10,000. The Columbia gold district is believed to have yielded more than $90 million, and the town roared with trade as well as the usual saloons, sporting houses, fandango halls, and theaters typical of the thriving gold town. It then slipped into near oblivion in the late 1860's after two disastrous fires and a shortage of water necessary to work the "diggin's." In 1928 Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr.,

Hotel Leger, Mokelumne Hill

Campbell House, Mokelumne Hill

retained by the newly created California State Park Commission to make a survey of areas to be included in a state park system, recommended that Columbia be preserved as the outstanding example of an early-day mining town. Excellent brick-making clays locally available enabled the early residents to build permanent structures. Because the town was never abandoned, the buildings were continuously occupied and maintained; because it never experienced the growth which obliterated historic structures in other mining towns, a number of original buildings have survived, including the Wells Fargo Building, the 1857 Fallon Hotel and theater, the Stage Driver's Retreat, the Masonic Lodge Building, the 1862 brick schoolhouse, and Hotel Columbia.

The elephant was a symbol of gold hunting in California. When a man said he was going "to see the elephant," it meant he was off to try his pan at the diggin's. Other Mother Lode towns where he may have looked for the elephant are Angels Camp (the locale of Twain's "The Notorious Jumping Frog of Calaveras County"), Murphys, Volcano, Jackson, Drytown, Amador City, Sutter Creek (site of Marshall's original find), Downieville, Sonora, Placerville (first called Dry Diggings and then christened Hangtown), Nevada City, El Dorado, and Melones (the "Slumgullion" of Mark Twain and Bret Harte days). Each town has its own architectural remnants and colorful legends of long-ago intrigue and violence in the mad rush for gold.

THE MINING FRONTIER

(*continued from page* 45)

poverty, in the mixture of races, professions, backgrounds, certainly one of the most remarkable conglomerations of individuals that chance ever cast together.

But as easily worked placer deposits were exhausted, mining and its riches passed from the hands of the individual prospectors to corporations which could drive tunnels deep into the ground to reach the mineral-bearing quartz and erect stamp mills to extract the gold. The miner became a day laborer or he drifted away, pan in hand, seeking the illusive "color" in other places. His place was taken by farmers and ranchers, carpenters and bookkeepers, merchants and businessmen, who built an enduring civilization. But the miner, in his mad and seldom successful quest for gold, had set in motion a chain of events that led directly to the settlement of considerable portions of the Far West.

A THOUGHT FROM 1861

Richard S. Hagen, a faithful correspondent, sent the following from *The Atlantic Monthly*, Vol. X, No. LVII, July 1862. It is an excerpt from an article, "Chiefly About War-Matters," written by "A Peaceable Man."

In Alexandria, we visited the tavern in which Colonel Ellsworth was killed, and saw the spot where he fell, and the stairs below, whence Jackson fired the fatal shot, and where he himself was slain a moment afterwards; so that the assassin and his victim must have met on the threshold of the spirit-world, and perhaps came to a better understanding before they had taken many steps on the other side. Ellsworth was too generous to bear an immortal grudge for a deed like that, done in hot blood, and by no skulking enemy. The memorial-hunters have completely cut away the original wood-work around the spot, with their pocket-knives; and the staircase, balustrade, and floor, as well as the adjacent doors and door-frames, have recently been renewed; the walls, moreover, are covered with new paper-hangings, the former having been torn off in tatters; and thus it becomes something like a metaphysical question whether the place of the murder actually exists.

Morris-Jumel Mansion, New York City

ANNUAL MEETING & PRESERVATION CONFERENCE

Advance registration blanks for the National Trust's 15th annual meeting and preservation conference were mailed to the membership in the June newsletter. The meeting will be held October 12-16, in New York City, with headquarters at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

Complete programs, detailed registration blanks, and hotel reservation cards will be mailed after Labor Day. Members are requested to use the advance registration forms, since hostesses are now engaging accommodations for special events. Advance registrants will be given preference when functions are limited in number of participants. A registration fee of $5 for members and delegates, and $10 for guests, is being charged for the entire meeting.

Professional emphasis is planned around three programs. A session titled "Is There Preservation Planning for the City of Tomorrow?" will be presented on Friday, following the business meeting. On the panel are Lachland Blair, city planner, whose firm conducted the College Hill demonstration study of historic area renewal for the Providence City Plan Commission in Rhode Island; Douglas Haskell, architectural critic and editor of *Architectural Forum;* and John Searles, executive director of the Redevelopment Land Agency for the District of Columbia.

On Friday afternoon leaders in the field will present "Ways and Means"

of preservation. Those participating and their topics are Charles Montgomery (director of the Henry Francis du Pont Winterthur Museum), "The Role of the Museum in Research"; Frederick L. Rath, Jr. (vice director of the New York State Historical Association), "The Role of Research in the Museum"; Jacob Morrison (of the New Orleans bar and author of *Historic Preservation Law*), "Variation on an Old Theme"; and James Biddle (curator, American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art), "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

Dr. John O. Brew, director of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University, will present the speakers on the Saturday morning program, "Preservation Abroad." Discussing European preservation will be Mlle. Raymonde Frin of France, editor of *Museum*, and program specialist of the Museums and Monuments Division of UNESCO. Mexico and the Americas will be represented by Dr. Ignacio Bernal, Mexican archaeologist, director of the Anthropology Department of Mexico City College, and president of the Sociedad Mexicana de Antropología. Restoration projects in Asia will be presented by Dr. K. N. Puri, archaeologist and assistant director of the National Museum of India.

Annual reports of the member organizations will be made immediately after the Friday lunch at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. That evening the opening of the exhibit, "Preservation: The Heritage of Progress," will be held from 5-7 p.m., in the Cooper Union Museum for the Arts of Decoration. During this preview, members of the Trust and their guests will be entertained at a champagne-buffet supper by the American Institute of Interior Designers and the Decorators Club of New York. Fifty photographic panels composing the exhibition will be supplemented by the Cooper Union Museum with related three-dimensional material. The panels will become a traveling show under the program of the American Federation of Arts.

A special opening of the John Pierpont Morgan Library, courtesy of its trustees, has also been scheduled for Friday evening. The white marble Italian Renaissance pavilion, designed by McKim, Mead and White in 1913, houses a collection noted for its important manuscripts and rare and handsomely bound books.

Nathaniel A. Owings, F.A.I.A., of the San Francisco architectural office of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, will speak following the Saturday lunch. His topic will be "A Contemporary Architect Looks at Preservation."

That afternoon a tour of the Metropolitan Opera is planned, limited to 30 participants. During this same afternoon, those attending the conference are invited to a 4 p.m. reception and opening of special exhibits at the Museum of the City of New York. The Louise duPont Crowinshield Award will be presented during the annual banquet Saturday evening. Irving S. Olds, NT trustee and member of the New York Committee, will preside.

A variety of all-day tours is planned for Sunday, October 16. Members' preferences will be honored in order of registration. The Municipal Art Society has arranged and will serve as guides for the Manhattan Island Tour. This group will visit the Gracie Mansion, Abigail Adams Smith House, the Union Club, the University Club, and the New York City Hall. Reception hostesses will be members of the Colonial Dames of America, Mrs. J. Campbell Henry, president. Hermann G. Place will serve as host for the lunch.

Members may choose the Oyster Bay Tour, stopping at the Bowne House, Sagamore Hill, and Raynham Hall. Mr. and Mrs. Reginald P. Rose will also show their 18th-century house with its outstanding collection of furniture. Reception hosts will be Mr. and Mrs. Rose, and the Sagamore Hill Committee of the Theodore Roosevelt Association will serve as lunch hosts.

The Three Mansions Tour will be received at the Jumel Mansion, Van Cortlandt Mansion, and the Bartow-Pell Mansion. The Gardener's Choice Tour will visit the Dyckman Farmhouse, the Bartow-Pell Mansion, and the New York Botanical Garden. Members of the International Garden Club, Mrs. Winfred Holton, president, will serve as hostesses for both groups.

"With George Washington in New Jersey" is another choice on the list of tours. Stops will be made at his headquarters near Morristown; at the Ford Mansion and Museum; and at two other historic residences: Liberty Hall and Boxwood Hall. Arrangements are being made by the New Jersey Historical Society, and lunch hostess will be Mrs. John Kean.

Long Island arts and architecture will be the theme when the Society for the Preservation of Long Island Antiquities holds open house. Stops are planned for the Thompson and Sherwood-Jayne houses, the Suffolk County Museum, and the Carriage Museum. Lunch hosts are Mr. and Mrs. Ward Melville.

An afternoon tour of Brooklyn Heights is sponsored by the Brooklyn Heights Association and the Long Island Historical Society, concluding with a reception at the Society's headquarters.

Each member will be invited to a reception in a nearby private residence, preceding the Sunday evening supper at the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The Museum is also planning a special exhibit for the occasion.

The 15th annual session will be concluded with a Monday excursion to the Hudson River area. There will be a tour of Van Cortlandt Manor, Sunnyside, and Philipsburg Manor. Participants will be lunch guests of Sleepy Hollow Restorations, owner of the three historic properties.

The National Trust Board of Trustees will meet for dinner and business on Thursday evening, October 12. There will also be pre-registration and consultation for members that evening.

Mrs. Hermann G. Place is chairman of the New York Committee for the 1961 conference and is being assisted by the Hon. Newbold Morris, Kenneth Chorley, Mrs. George L. Harrison, Daniel M. C. Hopping, Clarence G. Michalis, Irving S. Olds, Mrs. Reginald P. Rose, Mrs. Thomas M. Waller, Phelps Warren, Gerald Watland, Mrs. Arnold Whitridge, Mrs. Earl K. Williams, and Miss Alice Winchester.

Member organizations bringing exhibits to the annual conference are asked to inform the National Trust office immediately of the amount of space needed. The members' exhibit area will be adjacent to the meeting rooms. Each exhibitor is allowed 8 running feet and is expected to provide his own staff to arrange the display.

Tables will be provided for the display and distribution of leaflets and pamphlets for those who do not plan to bring large exhibits. The area will be locked at night and a night watchman provided for it.

HISTORICAL ADMINISTRATORS

Twelve grantees and six auditors began studies on June 19 at the third Seminar for Historical Administrators being held at Williamsburg, Va. The course, to be concluded July 28, is sponsored by the American Association for State and Local History, Colonial Williamsburg, and the National Trust for Historic Preservation.

The grantees are Richard Ahlborn, Boulder, Colo.; Larry Belles, Mount Pleasant, Iowa; Joan Chapin, Champaign, Ill.; William Floyd, Middletown, Del.; Robert Frasch, Hilton, N. Y.; Daniel Giffen, Philadelphia, Pa.; Vivian Grelick, Albuquerque, N. Y.; William McCormick, Baton Rouge, La.; Peter Mitchell, Boulder, Colo.; Jack Mullins, Columbia, S. C.; Wayne Pokorny, Urbana, Ill.; and Jessie Stoddart, Lincoln, Neb.

Auditors are Lou Harden, Castleton-on-Hudson, N. Y.; Ava Honeycutt, Jr., Raleigh, N. C.; Susan Miller, Wilmington, Del.; James Noffsinger, Lexington, Ky.; Marion Sirmans, Jr., Williamsburg, Va.; and Waverly Winfree, Richmond, Va.

TIME WOUNDS ALL HEELS

but it will not heal all wounds. Anticipating the annual spate of house and garden tours, where gracious owners of historic or otherwise notable and beautiful houses open them for the benefit of the very best causes, especially that of preservation, we turn a sympathetic ear to one such hostess who reports the cruel damage to handsome floors and to cutup rugs by the stylish pounding of spiked metal heels.

She writes from bitter experience and in some trepidation about this form of vandalism with chic. Her house has been thoroughly wounded, and yet she still prepares to offer her hospitality (as do other hostesses) to those of the NT who wish to view this particular great house. But she asks:

One thing that I wanted to ask your help on may sound foolish to you but does present somewhat of a problem. I don't know whether you are familiar with the spike metal heels worn by many women which are death and destruction to old floors.

A year ago one group cut my dining room floor up pretty badly, so this time I asked the ladies to stay on the rugs wherever possible. Do you think it would be possible to insert a line somewhere in the literature that goes to the Trust members attending the meeting asking that when they visit private houses not to wear these horrible and destructive shoes?

I understand that in some of the restorations in the South they provide slippers so perhaps this will not come as a shock to Trust ladies.

I hope that you won't think I am being fussy and tiresome, but I think other people showing their houses probably will feel as I do. Destruction of this type on an old floor cannot be repaired without planing, so it becomes a fairly serious item.

The real enthusiasm for what our colleagues in England deplore as "winkle pickers" comes from one segment of the world of fashion. It belongs there, and not in the field of historic preservation.

Do not be surprised then, if we emulate our Japanese friends and offer slippers at the door on special tours during the annual meeting. They will not be chic—we are investigating those paper towel "scuffies" offered the tourist in the better motels and provided for the indigent patient as slippers in clinics.

It also occurs to us, ladies, that we offer you a favor if you are really planning to walk your way through history without leaving your pockmarks on the floors of time.

—H.D.B.

A CUP OF GOLD IN A DAY

California prospectors pushing north just across the Oregon line struck gold at Jacksonville in 1851, along the Daisy and Jackson Creeks, two small tributaries of the Rogue River. Jacksonville has been called the "queen of the ghost cities" and described as the center of a region "where a lucky man could wash a cup of gold in a day." The town quickly became the seat of the newly formed Jackson County and for the next 30 years was the most important community in Southern Oregon. By the late 1870's a decline was noticeable and after the railroad bypassed the town in 1844, it was dormant. A panoramic photograph taken in 1887 shows the town almost exactly as it is today.

The old courthouse is a museum operated by the Oregon Historical Society, which recently inherited the century-old Beekman Bank and its records. In the building were huge scales supposed to have weighed more than $15 million worth of gold, old locks, trunks, and safes. The Beekman collection, dating from 1852-1915, includes records of gold claims dating back to 1853, materials on Tracy & Company Express and Wells Fargo Company Express, justice of the peace dockets, ledgers and journals, letters and letterpress books, and photographs and maps recording bank and political affairs of Oregon 100 years ago.

The Siskiyou Sites Historical Foundation (a NT member), the City of Jacksonville, and the Jacksonville Lions Club are trying to preserve a group of buildings erected in Jacksonville during the early and mid-1850's. They are currently restoring the United States Hotel. It was built by George W. Holt, a master brick mason, and hurried to completion in the late 1870's. President Rutherford B. Hayes and his party were among its first guests. The land on which the hotel was built was purchased from Sam Vore, who was given board and room for one dollar "for the rest of his natural life."

Still to be seen is the 1855 J. A. Brunner Building, where fortunes in gold were weighed and where miners sometimes took refuge from hostile Indians. The Methodist Church was built in 1854 by subscription and "with one night's take at the gambling tables," some of the local gamblers having contributed heavily.

The Dowell House, built by Benjamin Franklin Dowell in 1859, is a rare example of an Italian villa in masonry construction in early Oregon. Dowell came from Virginia, a graduate of the University's Law School, and became influential in the state as an attorney and editor of the Table Rock *Sentinel*.

The Peter Britt House, typical of Oregon's Rural Gothic cottages of the 1860's, was recently destroyed. Britt was a Swiss painter who took up photography in order to make a living. He arrived in Jacksonville in 1852 and remained to become a leading citizen. He was the first photographer in Oregon and, among other firsts, took the first pictures of Crater Lake. He was eager to point out the climatic advantages of Southern Oregon and planted palm trees to prove his point. A tall redwood near the rear of the property was planted the day his son was born.

Fortunately Jacksonville's commercial decline had the good result of preserving the town with little change; with popular interest in its old buildings, Jacksonville is emerging into a new era.

P. Britt view of Jacksonville, *c.* 1890

Peter Britt House, Jacksonville
P. Britt photograph, *c.* 1890

BILLBOARD SYMPOSIUM

"Of Cabbages and Kings" was written by J. W. Forrester and appeared originally in the *East Oregonian*, of Pendleton, Ore.

"The time has come," the Walrus said, "to talk of many things: of shoes, and ships, and sealing wax—of cabbages and kings."

The controversy about whether outdoor advertising should be allowed along Federal highways has been going on for some time. . . . In the February [1960] issue of *Harper's* magazine, a San Francisco advertising agency executive has written his thoughts on outdoor advertising. He begins: "It is so strange that billboards exist at all that the current controversy about whether outdoor advertising should be allowed along Federal highways achieves the unreality of a debate on whether witchburning should be permitted in critical fire areas. Apparently no one has thought to wonder just what in h—— billboards are doing anywhere."

He quickly tells us that more and more people are wondering what billboards are doing anywhere and he flatly predicts that the days of billboards are numbered.

He explains why billboards have survived so well against attack—because the attacks have been made on the wrong grounds. "Almost the only argument," he said, "against outdoor advertising one ever seems to hear is that it blocks out the scenery and is unsightly." He argues that this is a mistake: "Do you see why it is a mistake to attack outdoor advertising on aesthetic grounds? The row then becomes a matter of comparative beauty and one can go on haggling about that forever. It is like arguing that mice should be kept out of the kitchen because they don't match the formica. What a billboard looks like has nothing to do with whether it should be there."

He tells us that the outdoor advertising business claims it has two fundamental rights. In the first place, it invokes the spirit of free enterprise. He writes: "Outdoor advertising is, of course, a business, and as such would ordinarily have a strong case against inroads on its domain. However, there is a very real question whether it has a title to its domain. Outdoor advertising is peddling a commodity it does not own, and without the owner's permission: your field of vision." He explains that while it may be contended that everything visible violates one's airspace, that that isn't so. Many things that violate your vision are there for a specific and necessary purpose. He says a billboard is there for the sole and express purpose of trespassing on your field of vision; it has no other purpose.

Outdoor advertising's second line of defense is that what discriminates against one advertising medium discriminates against all advertising media. Of this the writer says: "What is the difference between seeing an ad on a billboard and seeing an ad, even the same ad, in this magazine? The answer, in a word, is permission—or in three words, freedom of choice. Through a sequence of voluntary acts you have given the magazine advertisement permission to be seen by you. You bought the magazine of your own volition; you opened at your own pleasure, you flipped or did not flip through it; you skipped or did not skip the ads; finally it is possible to close the magazine entirely. You exercise freedom of choice all down the line. The same is true of advertisements in newspapers. It also is true of radio and television commercials. You cannot throw U. S. 40 out of the window if you are on it. Nor can you flip a billboard over."

Finally, the writer says, "Outdoor is not an advertising medium; it is isolated advertising. An advertising medium is a medium which incidentally carries advertising, but whose primary function is to provide something else: entertainment, news, matches, telephone listings, anything. I'm afraid the poor old billboard doesn't qualify as a medium at all; its medium, if any, is the scenery around it and that is not its to give away. Nor is a walk down the street brought to you by the courtesy of outdoor advertising."

"All the familiar features of the automotive age, as we Americans know it, good and bad, are sprouting in Europe.

Parking meters and drunkometers; drive-in movies and drive-in banks; curb service and radar traps; service stations and motels; car thieves and billboards; movements, devices and societies to protect nature from motorists, motorists from nature, and motorists from motorists."

". . . The Danes prohibit billboards on all their roads, or even near enough a road to distract the motorist's mind and eye."—"Europe's Gone Crazy Over Cars," Robert Littell, *Reader's Digest*, October 1960.

In a letter to the Editor of the AIA *Journal*, Architect P. Saviers (Sun Valley, Idaho) reported that at the AIA Northwest Regional Convention in Sun Valley, the one topic that kept recurring in discussion (regardless of the original planned subject) was that of people in their surroundings and especially American people of 1960 compared to people in other places and at other times. One of the convention's highlights was a five-minute "fill-in" talk by a Portland, Oregon, architect, Lewis Crutcher.

With the use of slides Mr. Crutcher skipped skillfully from the six-story-high Coke bottles on Portland buildings to sidewalk tables under the tree-covered streets of Paris; from stands of Portland telephone poles . . . to the streets of Copenhagen and floating balloon-like lights hanging from the trees; from looking down on a marble-patterned plaza in Italy to paint-patterned parking lots in Portland; from scenic views of Hawaiian beaches to scenic views of Mt. Hood—all but hidden by billboard scaffolding; from sublime details of Portland's bridges to ridiculous views of cropped fir trees, cut off to allow for better vision of a conservation billboard.

But Mr. Crutcher does more than spray the weeds; he offers flower seeds for replanting. Included in his slides were pictures of town landmarks and open spaces, blighted or forgotten, followed by delightful sketches of how it all could be; even individual shops and stores were sketched to show a particular owner what could be done with as little as paint, a pot, and a flower. He takes his slides anywhere he is invited—to a thousand school children in Spokane or to 50 farmers in Idaho.

. . . The results are never immediate. After seeing 250 slides showing billboard blight, one motel owner (with flashy signs spread over 30 miles of otherwise beautiful scenery) was overheard: "Hell no; I'm going to put more of them up." But his wife signed a county-wide petition for billboard control. . . .

MEMBERSHIP

New member organizations of the National Trust are the Brooklyn Heights Association (N.Y.); Colonel Ashley House, Inc. (Mass.); Committee for Preservation of Port Hudson Battlefield (La.); Evanston Historical Society (Ill.); Florrisant Historical Society (Mo.); Historic Bath Commission (N.C.); Hasbrouck Family Association (N.Y.); Historic Madison, Inc. (Ind.); Historic York County, Inc. (Pa.); Schenectady Stockade Association (N.Y.); Lafourche-Terrebonne Chapter, Louisiana Landmarks Society; Laredo Historical Society (Tex.); Lebanon Foundation, Inc. (Conn.); Long Island Historical Society (N.Y.); Louisiana State Parks and Recreation Commission; Midwestern Antiques Club (Ill.); National Society of Colonial Dames, Commonwealth of Pa.; National Society of Colonial Dames, State of Arkansas; National Society of Colonial Dames, State of California; National Society of Colonial Dames, State of Ohio; Stamford Historical Society, Inc. (Conn.); State of Louisiana Art Commission; Sturdivant Museum Association (Ala.); Trowel Club (D.C.); White County Historical Society (Ill.).

A new corporate member is the Sacramento *Bee* (Calif.)

RUSH TO THE ROCKIES

Who started the famous "Pike's Peak or Bust" stampede that gave birth to the state of Colorado? Three brothers named Russell from the United States' first gold rush town, Auraria, Ga. The brothers, led by Green Russell, not only set off the gold rush but also founded a little village which today is part of the metropolis of Denver. Like many Lumpkin County miners, Green Russell left the gold country of north Georgia to join the mad scramble to California in '49. He was among the luckless and came home, only to set out again for the Kansas Territory where gold had been found by the Cherokee Indians. Working on the east bank of the South Platte, the brothers discovered gold and panned $800 worth in a few weeks. This small operation marked the beginning of a mining industry that has taken more than $2½ billion in gold and other minerals from the rich fields of Colorado.

On October 31, 1858, the Russell Party established a little town and named it Auraria for their home town in Georgia. Less than a month later, another town was laid out on the north bank of the creek and named Denver for territorial governor, James W. Denver. Immediately a rivalry sprang up between the two villages, which persisted until officials met on a bridge over the creek and agreed to join the towns. The combined community retained the name of Denver.

Several weeks after a traveler named John Cantrell had visited with the Georgians, he landed in Lawrence, Kan., flashing some gold which he said he had dug from Cherry Creek with a hatchet and washed out in a frying pan. The newspapers of the Eastern Kansas Territory ran the story of the discovery, and the stampede to Colorado started. James H. Pierce, a member of the Russell party, complained in his memoirs that by Christmas 1858 there must have been a thousand men on the South Platte. The "Rush to the Rockies" in the spring of 1859 brought an estimated 100,000 gold seekers traveling under the banner "Pike's Peak or Bust." The newspapers had been somewhat deceiving, however, and by midsummer half the miners had returned home under the banner, "Busted, by God." Actually the gold was there, but was so located that it could not be mined by prospectors and was left for the mining companies to extract.

The discovery of silver at Leadville in the 1870's brought about the second Colorado boom. Here the Healy House, once the showplace of the town, and the Dexter Cabin, a typical miner's cabin, are museums of the State Historical Society of Colorado and help relive the "elegant eighties" in Leadville. The town's most fabulous character was H. A. W. (Haw) Tabor who struck it rich but died penniless. Visitors may see the Tabor Grand Opera House, preserved as a museum; Tabor's Hotel Vendome; his house; and the Matchless Mine, where his widow "Baby Doe" kept a lonely vigil in obedience to her dying husband's command, "Hold on to the Matchless." Forlornly hoping to recoup a lost fortune, she froze to death.

The Leadville area from 1860-65 produced more than $3 million in gold through placer mining, and then the miners declared all the gold had been washed out. During these years the miners had been hampered by the great weight of black boulders which they were compelled to handle over and over. Finally the boulders were secretly investigated and discovered to be carrying quantities of silver. Soon the eyes of the world were turned to the two-mile high camp which was described as a "City in a Sea of Silver."

Hotel de Paris, Georgetown, Colo.

Later the name Leadville was selected and the town was incorporated. Another gold strike in 1893 continued to keep the town prosperous. Since then lead, zinc, manganese, and molybdenum have been mined in the district.

Other mining towns are re-flourishing throughout Colorado. An organization dedicated to making Tincup breathe again was organized in 1950. The Tincup Civic Association's purpose is to preserve historical articles and buildings, including the old town hall, provide a social program for residents of the area, and to open up and maintain the old streets.

Central City was the cultural center of the Colorado mining towns and is one of the best preserved. Its Opera House, famous during the 1870's and 1880's, was restored by the University of Denver. It has become well known again for its summer productions sponsored by the Central City Opera House Association. Also restored and open to the public is the Teller House, to which President U. S. Grant is said to have walked from the stagecoach on a path of silver bricks in 1873.

In Georgetown is the Hotel de Paris, "a fragment of old France" restored by the National Society of the Colonial Dames of America in the State of Colorado. It was the establishment of a mysterious Frenchman who called himself Louis Dupuy. He built the hotel mostly with his own hands, aided by a French woodcarver and some Italian craftsmen. The two-story building was stuccoed to resemble stone; a tall effigy of Justice stands on the roof, with her scales swinging in the breeze, and a big metal lion and stag rest on the courtyard walls. When opened in 1875, the hotel boasted of steam heat, hot and cold water in every room, elaborate decorations, Haviland china, a huge French bake oven, rich carpets, and many imported furnishings from Europe or New York hauled into the mountains 50 miles by wagon from the railroads on the plains.

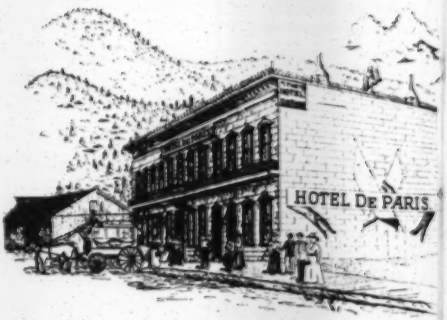
Dupuy has been described as a philosopher, an atheist, a socialist, a gourmet, and a master cook who rarely welcomed women to his hotel. "French Louis" and his hotel are unique but in their novelty are typical of the wild years when thousands of young adventurers tramped westward in search of refuge or fortune.

From 1875 to 1900 the Hotel was known for French culture, French wine and food delicacies, and a sort of erratic high-handed European hospitality. Among the men who traveled distances to enjoy its luxuries was a party one day in March 1879 composed of Jay Gould; his son George; Gen. Grenville M. Dodge, chief engineer, who laid out the route of the Union Pacific railroad of which Gould was then the head; Sidney Dillion, Union Pacific president; Russell Sage, New York financier; Capt. G. H. Baker and Oliver Ames of Boston; W. A. H. Loveland, president of the Colorado Central Railroad and for whom Loveland Pass was named; and Chief Engineer E. L. Berthoud, whose name is borne by Berthoud Pass. The group, said to represent more than $200 million, sat at a table covered with a damask cloth and watched the unperturbed Dupuy in his high white cap and white uniform at the white tile range rapidly prepare the meal. Gould afterwards said it was beyond comparison and was enjoyed more than anything he had ever eaten, to which the rest added "Amen."

There was, as always, no menu from which to order, but Louis had served stuffed ptarmigan, venison cutlet, a vegetable, salad, frozen punch, French bread, his coffee from which he extracted the caffeine, and cold bottles of vintage Moselle.

In 1896 Dr. James E. Russell visited the Hotel. He was on the faculty of the University of Colorado and soon thereafter became the head of educational training at Columbia University. He was fascinated with Dupuy's theories of the preparation and importance of food. Russell himself testified that this visit was the inspiration for his own leadership in the development of household arts as a part of a university curriculum. Dupuy has been called "the Father of Domestic Science in America."

Although the hostelry has been closed for many years, it is a treasure house of Victorian luxury and French reminiscence, almost untouched by the passage of two generations and the shrinking of Georgetown to a tenth or less of its original size. When the Hotel de Paris opened, Georgetown was the second city in Colorado and possibly also the wealthiest. Today it has a winter population of less than 400. The lakes above the town and the famous peaks remain, although the mines and a stretch of winding, spectacular narrow-gauge track above the town are gone. Since the town was never swept by fire, most of Georgetown is preserved, surrounded by the Rocky Mountains, approximately 50 miles from Denver.



BIRTHPLACE OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE

Gold was first discovered in the Sweetwater district of Wyoming in 1842 by a trapper from Georgia in the employ of the American Fur Company. By 1867 the townsite of South Pass City was laid out and the first permanent buildings were erected. Despite the fact that there were thousands of people in the town, the Indians constantly made raids to drive the white man out of the country.

South Pass City, however, will not be remembered primarily as a mining town, but as the "Birthplace of Women's Suffrage." The women, enduring the hardships of the mining camp, decided that they should have a voice in governing the community and the Territory of Wyoming, which had just been authorized by law. Under the leadership of Mrs. Esther Morris, the women convinced the delegate from their district to the Wyoming legislature to present his revolutionary bill: "That every woman of the age of 18 residing in this territory, may, at any election to be holden under the laws thereof, cast her vote. And her right to the elective laws of the territory, as those of electors."

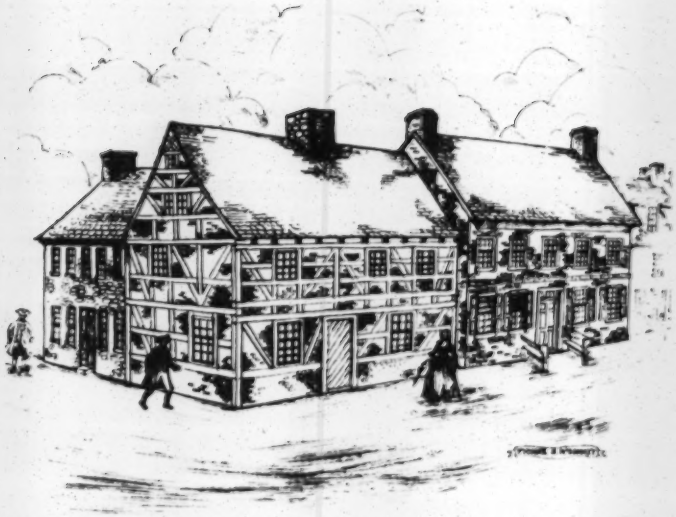
Although the measure was ridiculed, satirized and sidetracked by its foes, it was passed and signed by Gov. John A. Campbell in 1869. It is said that one still-astounded lawmaker raised his glass "to the lovely ladies, once our superiors, now our equals." The startling news stirred the world, and the women of Great Britain cabled congratulations: "to the women of Wyoming on the triumph you have won for all women by the emancipation of the women of your state from political serfdom."

Back in South Pass City the justice of the peace submitted his resignation, effective "whenever some lady elector shall have been duly appointed to fill the vacancy." The next day, to the judge's amazement, the commissioners accepted his resignation and appointed Esther Morris, who became the world's first woman justice of the peace.

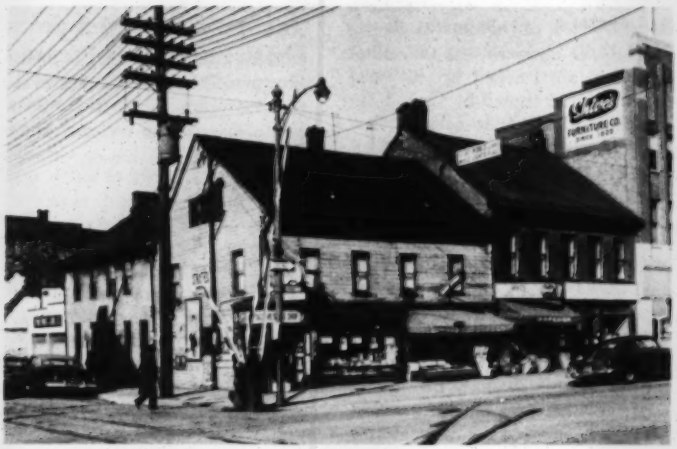
Main Street, South Pass City

In the years that followed, the law which Esther Morris inspired became a model for every state in the Union. Finally, a half century after Wyoming Territory recognized its women, the federal government and many foreign countries followed suit.

"This country of ours is in the midst of a great artistic and cultural explosion," writes Edward P. Alexander, vice president and director of the division of interpretation of Colonial Williamsburg. "There are today more than 1100 symphony orchestras in the United States. There are between 4000 and 5000 museums as compared with fewer than 2500 in 1938. Last year our citizens bought more than 1,379 billion books, about 350 million of them paperbacks. They purchased in excess of 472 million phonograph records. They made 60 million visits to historic sites, a much greater attendance than all organized baseball enjoyed."



Drawing of the proposed restoration of the Golden Plough Tavern; below, Golden Plough Tavern before restoration



York, Pennsylvania

Europe, for many centuries, has preserved and acclaimed her historic and architectural landmarks, which for the most part are her churches and monumental buildings of the nobility. In dramatic contrast, America has preserved many of the homes of the settler who formed and built a new society for free men. These landmarks can still make their contributions to our society and community, if they are preserved and maintained. However, the comparatively small brick, stone, or wood dwelling of our ancestors is frequently the first to be smothered by slums; or being situated on commercially valuable land, it is considered expendable without an evaluation of its potential. It is the duty of the community to show the respect which these structures deserve, rather than the scorn and contempt of generation after generation.

In the name of progress, made possible by the prosperity of York, the buildings of its founding settlers have all had their facades changed or have been completely destroyed. Unfortunately, in this sense, time did not bypass this small Pennsylvania city, capital of the 13 colonies in the fall and winter of 1777-78. However, York does not present as dismal a picture as a superficial appraisal might suggest. An organization known as Historic York County was formed recently to rescue and preserve the remaining significant landmarks. At this time the society is restoring one of the early representative forms. A large two-story log house of unusual size built originally by a Mr. Bobb, it is possibly the last example extant in downtown York. It had undergone considerable face lifting inside and out during the Civil War, but with careful research and restoration it can be brought back to its original appearance. From this, a clear picture will materialize of the typical house of the Germanic settler who constituted three-fourths of the town's population throughout the eighteenth century.

Another important example earmarked for preservation, acquired, and presently boarded up for protection, is the Cookes house, an example of the Germanic stone form of building that must have been commonplace to the early traveler passing through York. It was built in the 1760's on the bank of the Codorus Creek and has the honor, by tradition, of having been occupied by Thomas Paine.

The most important project contemplated by the organization is the total restoration of what possibly represents the last existing example of Germanic mid-eighteenth-century half-timber construction in America or more properly Pennsylvania. On the main street in forlorn condition and hidden beneath a shell of weathered clapboard is this building of almost unbelievable Medieval character. Built probably in the 1740's on one of the first 33 lots claimed by settlers after York was surveyed and laid out in 1741, it eventually served the nineteenth-century traveler as the Golden Plough Tavern. Standing in the two-story attic, one is awed by the massive, barn-like structural hewn timbers of the steeply pitched roof and the Medieval appearance of the whitewashed half-timbered gables.

Beside it, in equally shabby condition, is one of York's last examples of an English brick form of building. Concealed beneath later additions is the characteristic plaster cove roof cornice and the pent roof. It is known as the Gates House and by reasonable tradition is said to have housed the Conway Cabal, a plot to overthrow George Washington as Commander-in-Chief and replace him with Gen. Horatio

Gates. It was in this house that Washington's faithful friend Lafayette toasted the Commander and defeated the plot.

Historic York, having rescued the Golden Plough Tavern and the Gates House, has raised $51,000 of $200,000 required for their purchase and restoration so that through them York's past may be interpreted for future generations.

Joseph K. Kindig, III, Director
Historic York County, Inc.

THOUGHTS ON HISTORIC PRESERVATION

Written for the Boston Planning Department by Walter Muir Whitehill, Director and Librarian of the Boston Athenaeum.

The fundamental premise of everything that follows is that historic buildings and good examples of architecture are a valuable part of the continuing life of a city, rather than something to be gaped at by visitors.

1. *Wherever possible, perpetuate the use for which the building was intended.* Christ Church, Salem Street, King's Chapel, Faneuil Hall, Quincy Market, the Bulfinch portion of the State House, are obvious examples.

2. *When a building cannot be used for its original purposes, find a use that will preserve its exterior and do as little violence as possible to the salient features of the interior.* Beacon Street from the State House to Charles Street shows how publishing houses, church groups, clubs, and the like can take over and adapt private houses that are too large for present day use. The recent conversion of 45 Beacon Street (built by Charles Bulfinch for Harrison Gray Otis) for the use of the American Meteorological Society is an excellent example. In many parts of Beacon Hill and the Back Bay, private houses have been converted into apartments, offices, and schools without damage to the facades.

3. *Uses described in 1 and 2 are preferable to museum use.* It would be pointless and extravagant to consider restoring the Old Corner Bookstore building as a dwelling house of 1712 and opening it to visitors, but highly desirable to restore it to its mid-nineteenth century appearance and rent it to suitable tenants, keeping it on the tax list and thus making it a tangible as well as an intangible asset to the city.

4. *Preservation is preferable to restoration; restoration is preferable to reconstruction; reconstruction is usually to be avoided.*

5. *Do not destroy good buildings of later periods in an effort to emphasize those of earlier date.*

6. *Do not put even good new buildings where they will needlessly swear with their neighbors.* The Lutheran Church at Berkeley and Marlboro Streets is a good instance of what Stephen Rynne calls a "sin against architectural charity in striking a discordant note with its neighbor."

7. *Avoid unnecessary plazas and avenues that will bring discordant buildings within sight of each other.*

8. *Do not move buildings if they can possibly be preserved on their original sites.* The "synthetic village" of buildings saved from other sites is the last resort in preservation. It would be better to leave an historic house where it is and improve its surroundings by some form of urban renewal or redevelopment, than to move it to a more desirable area.

9. *Eschew the artificially quaint, the cute, and the dinky.* Never, under any circumstances, use "ye" for "the," or mis-spell words. It is a fine thing to have supplementary signs giving the early names of Boston streets, but a

shame that they are disfigured by the OLDE spelling.

10. *Avoid costumes like the plague.* One can never recreate the past; indeed, there is no reason why one should wish to. The indiscriminate use of wigs, small clothes, and hoop skirts brings history into needless disrepute.

11. *Maintain high standards of authenticity and workmanship in any reproductions of material offered for sale in connection with preservation projects.* Colonial Williamsburg does so, and in consequence the prices of Williamsburg reproductions are usually higher than comparable merchandise on the open market. Books, postcards, reproductions of prints and maps can often be well produced and sold at a reasonable price that will produce some income for the project, but china, wallpaper and furniture require a considerable outlay and overhead.

GUIDES FOR RESTORATION

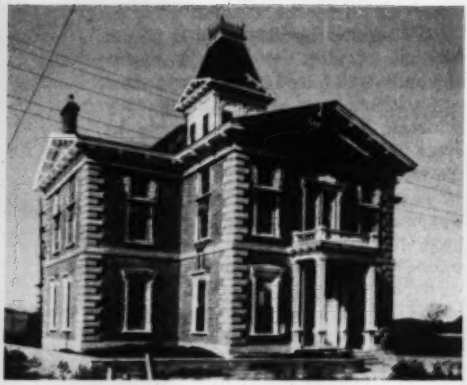
From "The Restoration of Colonial Architecture in Virginia," by Frederick D. Nichols and William B. O'Neal, School of Architecture, University of Virginia. Originally printed in University of Virginia *News Letter*, March 15, 1961.

There are five major problems that must be solved before any restoration can be successfully accomplished. The most obvious of these is that of financing, for the processes of restoration normally employ techniques which are expensive. Whether funds come from private individuals, private groups, or governmental bodies, sufficient funds should be available to finish the project because there is no such thing as a partial restoration. The second problem is that of research which is never ending, which should be both archaeological and architectural, and which should be undertaken by the best trained personnel available. The third problem is that of the ultimate use of used as a museum, the problem is the restored building. If it is to be considerably simplified, for it may be put back into its original state without any question of today's needs. But, if it is to have a present-day use, the inclusion of contemporary mechanical necessities raises an infinity of questions of concealment and adaptation.

Still another problem is that of the decisions required for the replacement of parts which have largely disappeared or for which there is only fragmentary evidence. Such decisions can only be made after the most thorough study of the building to be restored and of the entire period during which the building was built. And finally, but by no means least, there is the problem of finding competent workmen who are able to work with techniques which are no longer in daily use. If the workmanship is coarse and untutored, the money and the efforts of those who are directing the project are wasted.

It is perhaps wise to end this discussion on a cautionary note. The enthusiasm of the last thirty years for restoration has had a curious and unforeseen effect on the thinking of many of those in a position to govern their fellow citizens. The splendor of restored Williamsburg, for example, has inspired a variety of town councils to enact legislation forcing new buildings in certain areas to "conform" to the architecture of Williamsburg. Not only has this course led to such absurdities as "Williamsburg" supermarkets (an obvious impossibility) but it has also led communities to falsify their own history by allying themselves visually with that unique city or with similar restoration projects.

The value of restoration is so great that is should not have this false value attached it it. Although it is true that this false value is supported by the uninformed, it has become a popular fallacy and one to be thoroughly deplored.



Cochise County Courthouse, Tombstone

SILVER AND COPPER IN ARIZONA

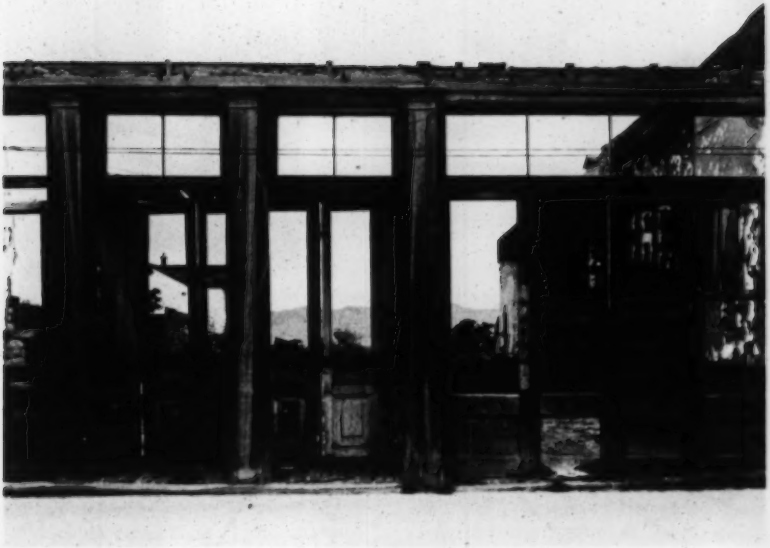
"All you'll find in those hills, Schieffelin, is your own tombstone," warned an army scout, so when prospector Ed Schieffelin discovered one of the richest silver deposits in Arizona in 1877, he named the site Tombstone. In three years the town, with a population of 7,000—miners, gamblers, and gunmen—was known as one of the most lawless and violent of the frontier towns. Two of its leading citizens were Wyatt Earp, U. S. deputy marshal, and the Rev. Endicott Peabody, an Episcopal minister from Boston. At one time there were 110 places licensed to sell liquor, and its most popular attractions were the Bird Cage burlesque theater and the Crystal Palace gambling casino.

Through the leadership of the Tombstone Restoration Commission, a concerted effort is being made to restore "the town too tough to die," although it was nearly deserted in 1900 as the result of flooding of the mines. Important early buildings include the Bird Cage Theatre, the Tombstone City Hall, the Cochise County Courthouse, Schieffelin Hall, St. Paul's Episcopal Church, and the office of the Tombstone *Epitaph*, one of the town's five newspapers, still operating as the state's oldest continuously published weekly journal.

The Boot Hill graveyard; abandoned mine works, Tough Nut, the Graveyard, Goodenough, East Side, and West Side; and ore dumps on the outside of town complete the picture.

One of the richest deposits of copper in the world was discovered in 1881 by Al Sieber, an Apache scout, known among the Apaches as "Man of Iron" because of his great endurance. Named Jerome after Eugene Jerome, Winston Churchill's grandfather, it produced over $600 million worth of copper, silver, and gold before its reserves were exhausted. Jerome had agreed to finance the operation of the mine if the mining camp were named for him. Included in the operation was the cost of bringing coke from Wales and England, by boat around the Horn to San Francisco, and by rail to Ashfork, Ariz., where it was dumped into wagons and freighted 60 miles over the mountains to the mines—an expensive operation until someone thought of ordering coal from New Mexico, right next door. In 1953 headlines in a Phoenix newspaper read "END COMES TO FAMED JEROME MINING CAMP—Jerome will die as a mining town in about two months. . . ." Today some say the city itself is built on a deposit of low-grade ore that could be profitably mined, but only as an open pit. Such an operation would involve the destruction of the town and an end to the deserted stores, hotels, saloons, and mine museum maintained by the Jerome Historical Society.

Bird Cage Theatre, 1881, Tombstone



Ghost street in "a town too tough to die"

BOSCOBEL, GARRISON-ON-HUDSON

Three times saved from the threat of extinction, *Boscobel Mansion* has been re-assembled and relocated at Garrison-on-Hudson, N. Y., and was dedicated to the public by the Boscobel Restoration, Inc. (a NT member), on May 21. Gov. Nelson Rockefeller, in his dedication speech, said, "The rebuilding of Boscobel restores to our Hudson River valley one of the most beautiful homes ever built in America. Now this magnificent mansion may be enjoyed by all our citizens. Set high above spectacular vistas of the Hudson River, *Boscobel* offers us and future generations a link with the gracious and historically significant past of our great state."

Boscobel Restoration was formed several years ago when *Boscobel* was in the hands of a housewrecker and its loss was imminent. The house was dismantled, each plank and brick carefully labeled and stored, until funds

and another suitable site on the Hudson could be obtained.

The Westchester County Park Commission bought the Boscobel property in the middle 1920's for a public park known as "Crugers Park," but failed to restore the house. In 1940 the Park Commission wanted to demolish the house, but this was prevented by protests of local historical societies and individuals. The demolition plans persisted, however, and in 1942 the intervention of a group known as Boscobel, Inc., saved the house. Boscobel, Inc., then leased the mansion from the Park Commission for a period of five years. It was made weathertight but, with the country at war, further restoration was impossible.

After the war, the Park Commission sold the property to the Veterans' Administration as the site for a new hospital. The VA announced at the time, "The historic value of the building is realized and it is anticipated that it will be reconditioned and utilized in some appropriate way." Despite the mansion's advantages as a hospital adjunct, it was not used in any way during the VA tenure and was finally declared surplus property and turned over to General Services Administration. Through the inexplicable workings of government red tape, however, the land on which the house stood was not declared surplus.

Boscobel was again in danger, and the rescue problem this time was doubly complicated. The VA declared the building out of its hands; General Services refused to intercede because the land under *Boscobel,* not being surplus property, was outside its jurisdiction. The concerted efforts of local groups and individuals and the National Trust and other national groups were unable to break the impasse.

The house was then sold to a housewrecker for $35. Some *Boscobel* devotees insist that this sale represented a bargain second only to Peter Minuit's purchase of Manhattan Island for $24. A sum of $10,000 wanted by a housemover was raised in a month, and the house became the property of Boscobel Restoration, with an order to move the structure immediately.

Among those prominent in the movement to save *Boscobel* were Mrs. DeWitt Wallace, co-editor of the *Reader's Digest;* Carl Carmer, the historian; Benjamin Fraser of the Putnam Historical Society; and Henry Stephenson, architect who worked on the building's reconstruction. The Reader's Digest Foundation, headed by Mr. and Mrs. DeWitt Wallace, gave and pledged $500,000 to support and maintain *Boscobel.*

Boscobel was built by Staats Morris Dyckman at what is now Crugers, in Westchester County, N. Y. Dyckman was a member of an old Dutch family which played a prominent part in the early history of Manhattan. After the American Revolution, Dyckman went to England; upon his return to America in 1804, he started the construction of *Boscobel.* The name was taken from that of an estate in Staffordshire, Eng., where King Charles II is reputed to have hidden in a giant hollow oak while evading his Roundhead pursuers after his defeat by Cromwell in the Battle of Worcester. *Boscobel* came initially from the Italian words *bosco bello,* meaning "lovely woods."

The manor house, as Dyckman planned it, was an American version and adaptation of Adam detail, then at the height of its vogue in England. The Adam influence was evident in the swags adorning the south facade and in the mantels, trim and other interior woodwork, individually designed for each room. There were 34 large windows in the mansion, 13 of which faced south on a long view of the Hudson. The same relation to the River has been maintained on the new 36-acre

site at Garrison-on-Hudson, which is almost directly opposite West Point.

Period furnishings have been collected for the 16 rooms of *Boscobel*, clues to the original having been found in letters and other documents of Dyckman. Much of the original glass, china, and silver, and some of the original furniture have been found and returned.

Boscobel Restoration also includes a carriage house which will feature exhibits descriptive of Hudson Valley life in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the first of which is a display on farm implements and tools.

ASHLEY HOUSE

Since January 1959 the Col. Ashley House, Inc. (a NT member), has been dedicated to the preservation of the 1735 Ashley House in Sheffield, Mass. In November 1960 the group received the deed to the house, having raised $9,000. They are under contract to pay off in five years a debt of $29,000 for the house and its contents of period furnishings.

Ashley House, a two-story clapboard structure, was built by Col. John Ashley whose father was sent from Boston in 1722 to buy land from the Indians and establish two townships in the wilderness. One of the townships became Sheffield in 1724 and was incorporated in 1733. Eight years later John Ashley, a graduate of Yale and newly admitted to the bar, came to Sheffield to settle. In 1735 he married Hannah Hogeboom from New York state and brought her to the newly constructed house. John Ashley became a colonel in the army and led the First Foot Company of Sheffield to the relief of Stockbridge and Pontoosuc in the French and Indian War. As selectman, justice of the peace, state representative, and judge, he was responsible for much of the settlement and industry in Sheffield town, having had a voice in the affairs of Western Massachusetts for more than half a century.

Two events occurred in Ashley House that affected the course of regional and state history. The first was the inauguration of a suit by a Negro slave for her freedom. Elizabeth Freeman had been bought by Colonel Ashley as a child and raised as his house servant. After the Revolutionary War when Massachusetts was planning to adopt a new constitution for the Commonwealth, the details of the document were freely argued and discussed by Colonel Ashley and his friends. The servant girl heard the talk. Later she had a bitter clash with Mrs. Ashley and ran away to the home of Theodore Sedgwick. She pleaded with Sedgwick to go to court for her on the basis of the new constitutional clause declaring that all people were born free and equal. Sedgwick, though a close personal friend of Colonel Ashley, saw logic in her argument and started suit for her freedom. The case and a subsequent appeal were both won, establishing a precedent in human rights.

The second event occurred in the winter of 1772-73, when the leaders of Sheffield drew up, in Ashley House, the Sheffield Declaration of Independence which was adopted in the town meeting on January 12, 1773. It is called America's first declaration of independence from England, preceding the Mecklenburg Declaration in North Carolina by more than two years.

In the 1930's the house was bought by one of Colonel Ashley's great-great-grandsons Harry Hillyer Brigham and moved from its original site a quarter of a mile to the east. The house is structurally sound and not greatly altered from its original appearance; much of the original plaster is still intact. In the restoration carried out by Mr. and Mrs. Brigham, paneling was cleaned and windows duplicated; a small modern wing was also added.

Col. John Ashley House in Sheffield, Massachusetts

"HOW WILL WE KNOW IT'S US WITHOUT OUR PAST?"

I once heard an Irish writer say that he was born in Kilkenny County in the seventeenth century. The year of his birth, I found was the same as mine, but the seventeenth century lasted longer in some places than others. On the road south from Dublin you cross the stone bridge over the Nore, pass the quiet grounds of Kilkenny College with sheep grazing in the shadows of the castle tower, and come to the carved stone doorway of an abandoned almshouse. Kilkenny is a quiet town, teeming with memories. The almshouse rests upon the floor of a ruined courtroom, which was erected on the foundation of a barracks, which was built in Cromwell's time on the site of a Franciscan monastery, which is said to have replaced an ancient market house. In that sequence—almshouse, courtroom, barracks, monastery, market house—the past fades back through layers of memory until it is lost to sight and recollection.

Everywhere in Ireland there is a presence of the past. The past is present, so that every scene is two scenes and the life of today is intertwined with the life of other times. In this long accumulation of memory and tradition, the beginnings are beyond recall.

In an older world, as Henry James said Americans must do, we think of our own country. From that distance we may see that if our history is less complex, it is more complete. We dwell in houses where no one dwelt before us. We live in cities built by men we know about, on sites claimed from wild country. In the words of Archibald MacLeish, "We have neither the old walls nor the voices around us." But if our past is brief, none of it is lost. It is all recoverable. Scratch America and we find the beginnings.

The Kelley House, which now stands in the heart of Columbus, was built in a forest clearing. It had no predecessors. It was the first habitation there, unless a fox had a den in the Broad Street thicket. It was built in the yeasty 1830's—when Broad Street had its first rugged surfacing of corduroy, when droves of hogs and cattle came over the Columbus and Sandusky turnpike, when the National Road brought the blare of stage horns and the rumble of freight wagons, when canal barges were loading in the Scioto basin, when foundations were laid for the most imposing Statehouse in the nation.

The Kelley mansion, spacious, gracious and enduring, was a sign of those sanguine times. It signified the end of a pioneer generation. After lean-tos and log cabins, here was a dwelling of dignity and permanence. After the puncheon floors, the chinked walls, the cat and clay chimneys, here was a stone mansion with porticos, galleries and columned hallways. In 1839 Columbus was a struggling town of 6,000 people, still half-ringed in forest. But it had a confident future. Into the Kelley mansion were built the pride and purpose of a capital city rising from the wilderness.

. . . The past is not the property of historians; it is a public possession. It belongs to anyone who is aware of it, and it grows by being shared. It sustains the whole society, which always needs the identity that only the past can give. In *The Grapes of Wrath* John Steinbeck pictures a group of Oklahoma farm wives loading their goods into an old truck for the long trip to California. They did not have many possessions, but there was not room for what they had. So—"the women sat among the doomed things, turning them over and looking past them and back. 'This book, my father had it. He liked a book. *Pilgrim's Progress.* Used to read it. Got his

name in it, right here. Why, here's his pipe—it still smells rank. And this picture—an angel. I looked at it before the first three children came—didn't seem to do much good. Think we could get this China dog in? Aunt Sadie brought it from the St. Louis Fair. See—it says right on it. No, I guess we can't take that. Here's a letter my brother wrote the day before he died. Here's an old-time hat. These feathers —I never got to use them. No, there isn't room. . . . How can we live without our lives? How will we know it's us without our past?' "

These are not members of a historical society. They had never seen a museum or a memorial. They were just people, asking a poignant and universal question: "How will we know it's us without our past?"

. . . We do not choose between the past and the future; they are inseparable parts of the same river. In a crucial moment of British history, Edmund Burke brought Irish wisdom to the English parliament. "People will not look forward to posterity," he declared, "who never look backward to their ancestors."

Excerpts from an address by Dr. Walter Havighurst, Miami University, in defense of the Alfred Kelley House, Columbus, Ohio.

"Save the house that saved Ohio" is the slogan adopted by the Save Kelley House Committee, organized since the story calling attention to the danger to the Kelley House, Columbus, appeared in the quarterly, Volume 12, Number 4, 1960. In February the Kelley House changed hands and new owners planned to raze the structure immediately for a parking lot or motel. After negotiations the owners decided to give the house to the Committee if they were able to raise funds to move it. The Committee hopes to move the structure either to city or state lands, perhaps a city park. There it would be restored as a period museum with space set aside for a Legislative Room where the role of the Ohio Legislature could be commemorated. For the initial moving costs, they are seeking an appropriation from the state legislature. "We feel that to honor a man who contributed so much to the state and for a house which literally served as collateral for state bonds, that the legislature owes Mr. Kelley considerable recognition and support."

OBSERVATIONS FROM AN IVORY TOWER

Observers from the Folger Shakespeare Library in the nation's capital have noted with alarm the disappearance of Washington's trees. "Since Adam hurriedly left Eden," the Folger's April report states, "man has been cutting down trees and making the world a little less habitable. The seventeenth century saw such devastation of forests that it was said that if Judas Iscariot had come to Scotland he could more easily have found grace than a tree upon which to hang himself. The Folger has a rare book by one R. C., *An Old Thrift Newly Revived, Wherein Is Declared the Manner of Planting, Preserving, and Husbanding Young Trees of Divers Kinds for Timber and Fuel* (1612). In his dedication to the nobility, gentry, and yeomen of England, the author declares that 'It either is or should be the duty of every man to invent, publish, and act something that might benefit his country,' and accordingly he has written this book against those who destroy trees and has provided directions for restoring the oaks, elms, and other trees that benefit the realm.

"We need an author like R. C. in Washington. One of the saddest commentaries on our ideas of progress was a recent picture in the Washington papers of a once beautiful tree-lined

street, now a wilderness of stumps where trees had been cut to make a wider passage for motorcars. A few years ago, within twenty minutes of Washington, one could drive through forested areas that are now desolate subdivisions swept clean to the red clay by the bulldozers of the apostles of progress. Soon Judas will have to settle for an electric light pole if he comes to Washington to hang himself."

The Hancock Shakers

The Shaker Community, consisting of 17 buildings and 932 acres of land near Pittsfield, Mass., opened to the public on July 2. The last Hancock Shaker left the community only last year, but since that time much restoration has already been undertaken. The restored ground floor of the three-story 1830 brick dwelling has six rooms, connected by wide halls intersecting in the form of a cross. These are a long meeting-room, two sisters' rooms, an elder's room or office, the ministry's dining-room, and the family refectory. As in every Shaker dwelling, the rooms were laid out on a dual plan; the sisterhood occupied one side of the building, the brethren the other, each sex having its own halls and stairways. Four of these rooms have built-in butternut cupboards and drawers, neat rows of pegboards and fine paneled framing of windows. The Edward Deming Andrews collection of Shaker furniture and artifacts is displayed in the rooms.

The first building which has been completely restored is a typical sisters' shop. It was last used by the Shakers as a dairy and weave shop, but housed varied activities since it was first built in the early nineteenth century. The second floor will again house the looms and materials illustrative of the weaving industry, with related exhibits of textiles and basketry. The ground floor will contain artifacts and documents on two other sectors of the Shaker economy, the garden seed industry and the preparation of the medicinal herbs for which the Shakers were famous.

Special attention has been given to the appearance of yards, walks, and fences, typical of the Shaker ideal of neatness and order. Along one side of the highway will be planted a long row of pink and crimson roses (*rosa gallica*) which the early Shakers in New Lebanon grew for their celebrated rosewater. In an area near the sister's shop an herb garden is being laid out, with many of the plants which the Believers themselves grew.

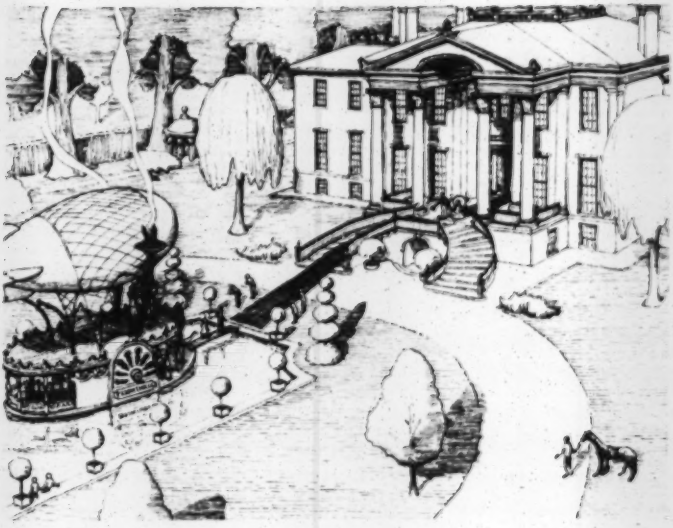
Since the Shaker economy was predominantly agricultural, pasture lands will be used again for cattle grazing. No brethren and sisters with their soft-spoken "yea" and "nay" will be at the Community to greet the visitors from the "world." Before the museum's day begins, however, and as it closes, the old bell in the belfry of the dwelling will sound again over the countryside, as it did for 130 years.

The master plan of the Community proposes restoration of the 1826 round stone barn, the machine shop and washhouse said to have been erected in 1790; the trustees' office and store; the tanhouse; the brick ice-house and cold storage; a brick chicken-house; the ministry's house; two brethren's shops.

An Historical Sketch of the Hancock Shakers, based on manuscript sources, will be offered for sale in the reception center, the first imprint in a broad publication program.

Hancock, Mass., is on U. S. Route 20, five miles from Pittsfield, Mass., approximately 150 miles from Boston and New York, and may be reached from both the Massachusetts Turnpike and the Berkshire spur of the New York State Thruway. For its first season the Shaker Community will be open until October 15, 9:30-5 p.m. daily.

The Shaker Community, in the township of Hancock, Mass.



For a mere $2.50 ticket for the passage, one may buy some favored youngster (ages 4 to 14) a cruise on Clay Lancaster's *Periwinkle Steamboat* (Viking Press, N. Y., 1961. 56 pp., illus., and end papers by the author). This competent architectural historian with a combination of whimsy and spoof will take them on a delightful voyage by flying steamboat from Pennypacker Square in what seems a bit like Philadelphia to Yoo Alleons with side trips to such delectable spots as Plentius Plantation and Stonewall Park. Well-behaved adults accompanied by children may enjoy the voyage free.—h.d.b. for f.c.k.

Publications

Covered Bridges of the Northeast. Richard Sanders Allen. Brattleboro, Vt., 1957. The Stephen Green Press. 121 pp., roster of builders, biblio., glossary, index. $5.95

Covered Bridges of the Middle Atlantic States. Richard Sanders Allen. Brattleboro, Vt., 1959. The Stephen Green Press. 120 pp., engineering notes, biblio., glossary, index. $6.50

Two comprehensive volumes by Richard Sanders Allen describe the history and construction of wooden truss bridges in the United States, locating more than 600 such spans extant in two regions of the country. Factually and with anecdotes, he tells the part these landmarks played in nineteenth-century America. He records present-day efforts to preserve the bridges and gives an account of their designers and builders. Included are Timothy Palmer, William Howe, Theodore Burr, Ithiel Town, and Benjamin H. Latrobe, Jr. The books are illustrated from Mr. Allen's collection of more than 20,000 covered bridge items — photographs, documentaries, cartoons, and sketches.

Mr. Allen and his publisher, Stephen Green, are seeking funds to continue the series with a book, or books, dealing with more than 700 covered wooden truss bridges still in use in the South, Middle West, and Far West.

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